No. 80. Confederate battled age of Farmington, longing to the fourth lows. Both the state of Iowa by Secretary Stanton. Morgan and Hays received the medal

No. 266. Colors of the eighth and nineteenth
Thansas regiments. No history.

No. 500. Confederate flag. sixth Arkansas
rolunteers, captured by Sergt. John W. Dean,
company C. seventeenth Indiana volunteers, at
Ifacen, Ga.

No. 392. Battleflag of the forty-eighth Alabama, Field's division, Longstreet's corps. No
Instry of its capture.

No. 242. Flag of the sixteenth Alabama regiment, captured by A. Greenwalt, company G.
104th Ohlo volunteer infantry, first brigade,
third division, twenty-third army corps. This
flag is shot to shreds and blood stained Medal
of honor.

No. 347. Battleflag of the fourteenth Alabama
regiment. No history.

No. 60. Confederate battleflag of the string infantry. Left at War Department
by Hon. W. T. Clark for use of a panorama
about to be exhibited, by authority of the acting secretary of war. To be returned.

The above are all the captured confederate
flags that reached the War Department from
whatever source. As previously stated, there

pany C, first Delaware volunteers.

No. 61. Confederate battlefag of the eleventh labama infantry, capture of y the fifty-seventh lew York volunteers, Richardson's division,

No. 194. Battleflag of the sixth Alabama regiment, captured by B. F. Davis, twenty-second Massachusetts volunteers, second brigade, first division, fifth army corps.

No. 545. Virginia state flag, presented by Lieut E. D. Wheeler, first artillery, November, 1873. BETURNED TO THEIR CAPTORS.

In many cases the troops retained the flags taken from the confederates in battle, and during the progress of the war the Secretary ordered several captured flags to be returned to their captors. Ten of the flags were taken from the custody of the War Department and delivered to individuals, associations or states, upon the written order of Mr. Stanton, the great War Secretary. Twenty-two in all of the captured confederate flags were so delivered on the authority of various officials. They are in doubt and uncertainty, three armies came as follows: Confederate battleflag, captured at Sharps-

burg, Md. (battle of Antietam), by the sixtyfirst New York volunteers ("Clinton guard") under command of Col. Francis C. Barlow, Caldwell's brigade, Richardson's division. The sixty-first and sixty-fourth ("Cattaraugus regiment") captured two stand of colors and about 300 prisoners. These regiments on the accound day (September 17, 1882) formed on the left of the Irish brigade while they were engaging the enemy. They remained there several minutes, during which time they lost one captain and several men. They were then ordered to move by the right flank in rear of the Irish brigade until they came to the right of that brigade. Here they came to the front and moved up over the crest of a hill under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery. They found the enemy lying in a road or ditch just under the brow of the hill. The regiment, ng and wounding nearly all who left the ditch to make their escape through the corn-field. They then flanked the robel line, nearly which surrendered and the stand colors was captured. They then pressed forward, driving the enemy before them. While oving through a cornfield the enemy opened fre with grape and canister from two brass rivers, were all passed in midwinter, with its guns in the regiment's front and shell from a goods and rains, in the face of an accumulating cuns in the regiment's front and shell from a battery on the Union left. It was by this fire that Col. Bariow (afterward general) fell wounded in the groin by a spherical case shot and Lieut. Col. Nelson A. Miles (afterward general) took command of the regiment. Col. Barlow said: "Lieut. Col. Nelson A. Miles, sixty-first New York volunteers, has been dis-tinguished for his admirable conduct in many tles. The voice of every one who saw this action will commend better than I can his courage his quickness, his skill in seeing favorable lositions and the power of his deter-mined spiral in leading on and in inspiring the men." One of these flags was delivered to the sixty-first New York volunteers, December 30,

Confederate battleflag, taken in action at llis Church, Va., June 30, 1862, by the sixtyfirst New York volunteers, Col. Francis C. Barlow. On June 30 the sixty-first New York infantry with other regiments of Gen. Caldwell's brigade marched toward the enemy's firing at about 6 p.m. On arriving near the front they became separated from the re-mainder of the brigade in the confusion arising from Union troops firing into each other. The regiment was then reported to Brig. Gen. Robnson of Gen. Kearney's brigade for orders. By order of Gen. Robinson the regiment was formed in line upon the border of a large field into which the Union troops were massing. Having stopped the fire of the other regiments Gen. Robinson ordered the sixty-first to ad-rance into the field, which they did with bayonets at a charge. The colonel command-ing says: "By reason of the darkness and thick smoke I am unable to say whether the enemy was occupying the open field or not. I think they were and that they fell back hastily on our approach, as I found one of their colors lying upon the ground. It bore the inscription Seven Pines' and 'Fair Oaks' upon it and I caused it to be sent to the headquarters of Summer's corps." This flag was delivered to the sixty-first New York volunteers, December 1), 1863, by order of the Secretary of War,

on, E. M. Stanton. Confederate battleflag, captured at the battle of New Market Cross Roads (Glendale) by Priregiment Pennsylvania reserve, third brigade, McCall's division, from the tenth Alabama infantry. Gallagher, having killed the original bearer of the colors, took prisoner a second The attempted to recover and raise it and lantly presented the trophy to Gen. McCall on the hattlefield. This flag was delivered to the sixty-first regiment, New York volunteers, December 30, 1363, by order of Secretary

Battleflag of the twenty-sixth regiment. South Carolina volunteers, "Secessionville,"
June 16, 1862. April 26, 1865, loaned to W. H.
Byder by order of Gen. Nichols, assistant adlutant general. Slavery's pay.
But let some poor slave-mother whom I have striven to free,

hannock station November 7, 1863, by Philip Smith, company E, one hundred and twenty-first New York volunteers. June 6, 1865, loaned to Col. E. Oicott by order of Secretary Stanton. Confederate battleflag of the fifty-third Virginia infantry. Loaned to Col. Olcott by Sec-retary Stanton.

One-half confederate battleflag, captured Malvern Hill July 28, 1864, by Private Grandy, Malvern Hill July 28, 1864, by Private Grandy, Punk, company K, sixth New York cavalry, second brigade, first division, Army of the Posecond brigade, first division brigade, first by Secretary Stanton.

Rebel battleflag, captured by Private Ben

A. Landis, chief bugier hast Pennsyavana cavalry, first brigade, second cavalry division, Brevet Maj. Gen. Davies commanding. Loaned to Gen. Davies by Gen. Nichols, assistant adjutant general. Landis received the medal of

GEN. SHERMAN'S FAREWELL.

His Army.

The general commanding announces to the

armies of the Tennessee and Georgia that the

time has come for us to part; our work is done

Some of you will be retained in service until

further orders, and now that we are about to

separate, to mingle with the civil world, it be-

comes a pleasing duty to recall to mind the sit-

When but little more than a year ago we

were gathered about the twining cliffs of Look-

out mountain, and all the future was wrapped

together from distant fields, with separate his-

tories, yet bound by one common cause, the

union of our country and the perpetuation of

There is no need to recall to your memories

Tunnell Hill, with its rocky-face mountain, and

Buzzard Roost gap, with the ugly forts of

Dalton behind. We were in earnest and pansed

not for danger and difficulty, but dashed through Snake Creek gap and fell on Resaca, then on to the Etowah to Dallas, Kenesaw, and

the heats of summer found us on the banks of

the heats of summer found us on the banks of the Chattahooche, far from home and depend-ent on a single road for supplies.

Again we were not to be held back by any obstacles, and crossed over and fought four heavy battles for the possession of the citadel of Atlanta. That was the crisis of our history.

Waiting there only long enough to fill our

wagons, we again began our march, which for peril, labor and results will compare with any

ever made by an organized army. The floods of Savannah, the swamps of the Combahee and Edisto, the high hills and rocks of the Santee,

the flat quagmires of the Peedee and Cape Fear

enemy, and after the battle of Averysborou

wilderness to meet our friends at Goldsboro.

and Bentonville we once more came out of the

Even then we paused only long enough to get new clothing, to reload our wagons, and again pushed on to Raleigh and beyond until we met

our enemy suing for peace instead of war, and offering to submit to the injured laws of his

and our country. As long as that enemy was

defiant, nor mountains, nor rivers, nor swamps

nor hunger, nor cold had checked us, but wh he who had fought us hard and persisten

offered submission your general thought wrong to pursue him farther, and negotiation

followed which resulted, as you all know, in h

How far the operations of the army have con

tributed to the overthrow of the confederacy

judged by others, not by us; but that you have

lone all that men could do has been admitted by those in authority, and we have a right to

join in the universal joy that fills the land be-cause the war is over and our government stands vindfeated before the world by the joint action of the volunteer armies of the United

To such as remain in the military service

your general would only remind you that suc-cesses in the past are due to hard work and dis-

cipline, and that the same work and discipline are equally important in the future. To such as go home I would only say that our favored country is so grand, so extensive, so diversified

in climate, soil and productions that every man can surely find a home and occupation suited

You will be invited to seek new adventure

abroad, but do not yield to the temptation, for it will lead only to death and disappoint-

M. DATTON, Major Ge Assistant Adjutant General.

Brown of Ossawatomie,

JOHN GREENLEAP WHITTIER.

John Brown of Ossawatomie spake on his dvir

"I will not have, to shrive my soul, a priest in

with her children, from the gallows-stair put up a prayer for me!"

John Brown of Ossawatomie, they led him out to

The shadows of his stormy life that

Perish with him the folly that seeks the

That kiss from all its guilty mes

Nevermore may you Blue Bto

hear, Nor see the light of blasing hor

To teach that right is more than might

die; And loi a poor slave-mother with her little child

apart; And they who blamed the bloody hand forgave the

good intent, And round the grisly fighter's hair the martyr's

Long live the generous purpose unstained with

Not the raid of midnight terror, but the thought

which underlies; the borderer's pride of daring, but the Chris-tian's sacrifice.

life of excitement and adventure.

L. M. DATTON,

to the peace which now dawns on us, must

the government of our inheritance.

and our armed enemies no longer defy us.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 80, 1865.

The Order He Issued When He Disband

Special Field Orders, No. 76.

uation of national affairs.

nd never returned.

Confederate flag, stars and bars of the twenty-sixth Tennessee volunteers,captured on prize steamer Cherokee June, 1863. Loaned Confederate flag, captured at Rappahannock station November 17, 1863. The colors were stripped from the staff in order to be saved by the color bearer. Supposed to have been loaned and never returned. Leaders in Battles for the Union Co orated in Marble and Bronze-Brave Gen erals and Gallant Commanders of Fleets Confederate battle flag, captured by Lieut.
Joseph C. Paradis, company E, fifth Maine volunteers, May 10, 1864. Supposed to have beenloaned and never returned.
Confederate

AMES A. GARVIELD setts avenue, Vermont avenue and 14th street once said: The statue cost \$40,000 and was provided by the "It is the singular Army of the Cumberland. It was modeled by province of art to J. Q. A. Ward. break down the limitstions which separate 1879, was made the occasion of an imposing from each other and allow those of past generations the generations of men military display. The parade formed five military display. The parade formed five divisions and in the line were Gen. Sherman, Gen. Hancock, Gen. McDowell, Gen. Schofield, Gen. Augur and Gen. Crook. One feature of it was the appearance in the line of march of ninety veterans of the Mexican war, under the leadership of Gen. J. W. Denver.

When the parade came to a halt opposite the statue the United States Marine Band played patriotic airs, the chorus being accompanied by the booming of cannon. A battery of artillery was stationed on Massachusetts avenue and the guns were fired at the proper moment

THE THOMAS STATUE.

The unveiling of this statue, November 19.

and the guns were fired at the proper moment

Stanley Matthews delivered the oration of

the day and the statue was accepted by the

President of the United States, who made

THE DUPONT STATUE.

At the intersection of Connecticut avenue,

Massachusetts avenue and 19th street is the

bronze figure of Rear Admiral Francis Dupont,

which was unveiled December 20, 1884. It was

designed by Launt Thompson of Philadelphia,

was cast in New York and with its pedestal

cost \$19,800, which amount was appropriated

by Congress. Upon the day of its unveiling

a military and naval parade was held, in the

line being many officers and men who had

served in the Mexican war. The President of

the United States was present at the unveiling and the naval officers in the city were in full

The oration was delivered by Senator Thomas

of thirteen guns greeted the unveiling of the

F. Bayard of Delaware and an admiral's salute

THE EMANCIPATION STATUE.

The principal statue to President Lincoln is

located in Lincoln Park, at the east end of

the Metropolitan Railway Company and the red

The monument on a granite pedestal ten

feet in height is of bronze and colossal in

size, the statue of Lincoln being twelve feet

high. Lincoln is represented as standing be-

side a monolith, on which is a face of Wash-

ington in bas relief. and he holds in his left

his left hand is stretched over a slave, to whom his eyes are directed. The slave is almost

prostrate, but apparently just about to rise, the shackles on his limbs having been sundered.

The statue was designed and executed by

The statue was designed and executed by Thomas Ball, an American sculptor residing at Florence, Italy. The original cost of the monument was \$17,000, and this sum with the expenses of transportation have been paid by

the colored people, the first money for the object being \$5 contributed by Charlotte Scott.

a colored washerwoman of Marietta, Ohio, on

the morning following the assassination.

The statue was unveiled Friday, April 14, 1876. This day was Friday, the first occasion since Lincoln's assassination that the anniversary of his death fell on Friday. The entire colored population of the city swelled the convenience of the colored than the convenience of the colored than the convenience of the convenience of the convenience of the colored than the convenience of the colored than the convenience of the colored than the

enormous crowds who attended the unveiling and many people came from outside towns. The orators of the day were Prof. John M.

Langston, Frederick Douglass and W. E. Mat-thews.

nd the proclamation of emancipation, while

statue.

by electricity.

The assembly sang a grand hymn, the words of which were composed by Mr. Herbert A. Preston and the music by Mr. J. Max Mueller. From all quarters of the country, from all generations of its life, from all portions of its service, these heroes come by the ministry and mystery of art to take their places and stand as permanent guardians of our nation's

The speaker probably did not dream that in less than half a dozen years his own statue would

the war President, Abraham Lincoln, and one marines. The statues usually stand in one of Some were erected by the government and others are the loving tributes of comrades of



THE FARRAGUT STATUE.

old fighting Hartford, his flagship.

by Vinnie Ream Hoxie, the casting being made at the Washington navy yard. It was ordered by Congress and \$20,000 was appropriated for A doubt still clouded our future, but we solved the problem and destroyed Atlanta, struck 25, 1881, and was attended with the most imposit. The unveiling took place on Monday, April however, steadily moved up and over the hill boldly across the state of Georgia, secured all ing naval and military display Washington has in the most determined manner and spirit, the main arteries of life to our enemy, and probably witnessed since the war. There was ments turned out and everybody from the President down flocked to see the unveiling. The exercises were in charge of Admiral Porter, Rear Admirals John Rogers, Warden, were two divisions, a military and a naval one, in the parade. The sailors came from the Constitution, Saratoga, Vandalia, Tennessee, Alliance, Yantic, Kearsarge and Portsmouth. After the addresses were made to the people. East Capitol street, accessible by the cars of surrounding the park the statue was unveiled by Quartermaster Knowles and Boatswain Wilers, who were with Farragut when he was lashed to the rigging of his ship in the thickest

The unveiling itself was full of incidents; an admiral's flag was displayed, the drums of the bands beat four ruffles, while a battery of artillery in Lafayette Square fired an admiral's salute of seventeen guns.

A great shout went up from the multitude as the flag that veiled the statue was withdrawn, showing the figure and features of the grand old naval captain. He is represented as standing on the deck of his famous flagship, the Hartford, with one foot resting on a pulley block and a telescopic glass in his hand. His expression is thoroughly characteristic-resolute, watchful, reliant. The figure is ten feet

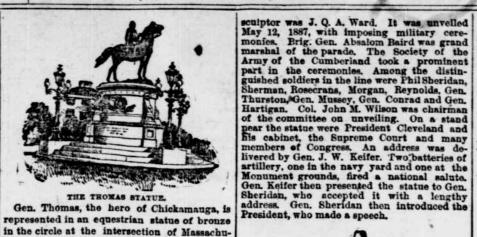


Opposite the Hotel Normandie and just north of the Arlington, in the square formed by the ntersection of Vermont avenue and 15th street. is the equestrian statue of Gen. James B. Mc-

to be disbanded at Louisville, Ky., at the close of the war Gen. Logan, its then commander

HDQRS. ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE,
LOUISVILLE, KY., July 25, 1865.
The following named officers are announced as a committee to secure funds and superintend the erection of a suitable monument over the grave of Gen. McPherson. All correspondence that may be necessary to the furtherance of the project will be carried on in their names: Maj. Gen. W. B. Hazen, Cleveland, Ohio; Brevet Maj. Gen. M. D. Leggett, Zanesville, Ohio; Brig. Gen. A. Hickenlooper, Cincinnati, Ohio, Within a year this committee had collected \$4,000. The McPherson Monument Association of Clyde, Ohio, raised \$500 and friends of the deceased general residing in California collected \$4,500. These sums together with other HDORS. ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE. deceased general residing in California col-lected \$4,500. These sums together with other contributions enabled the committee to select a design. Louis T. Rebisso of Cincinnati made the model and Robert Wood & Co. of Philadel-phia cast the statue in bronze. The committee, having only sufficient funds to complete the

ng the tenth annual reunion of the





The gallant Rawlins, Grant's chief of staff and Secretary of War in 1864, is commemorated singing triumphal hymns, and the roar and this soldier in the uniform of his rank standing | rible than either. in the field. The statue was ordered and paid for by Congress. For a long time the statue stood in a little reservation known as Rawlins' Square, in an obscure part of the city, but was recently removed to a prominent place on the south side of Pennsylvania avenue near 9th





THE PEACE MONTHEYS wenue and facing west, is what is known as the Peace monument. Originally it was the design to dedicate this to the sailors and marines of the late war, but Congress decided that it should stand as a monument of peace. The monument has a history. In 1865, at the fall of Fort Fisher, Admiral Porter started a subscription in his fleet for the erection in Washington of a fitting memorial to the sailors of the navy. The sum of \$9,000 was raised among the officers, midshipmen and men of the navy. Civilians contributed about four thousand dollars. Congress made up the balance of the cost of the monument, which was about \$21,000. It was commenced in 1871, Franklin Simmons of Maine being the sculptor, the work being done in Rome. The monument is of Rayacchione Carrara marble, forty-four feet high. The surmounting figure represents History recording the wees narrated by History recording the woes narrated by America; west of the plinth Victory crown young Neptune and Mars; on the east side i Peace offering the clive branch, surrounde by the products of the peaceful arts. Sculptor at Rome say that this was one of the fines works ever sent to America. It was brought over in the U. S. S. Supply and was unveiled in 1877 without ceremonics.

and still it came, and largened on the sight: A floating monster, ugly and gigantic; in shape, a wave, with long and shelving height, as if a mighty billow, heaved at night, Should turn to iron in the mid-Attantic.

Then roared a broadside; though directed well, On, like a nightmare, moved a shape defiant; The tempest of our pounding shot and shell, Crumbled to harmless nothing, thickly fell From off the sounding armor of the gianti

stone to Gen. Garfield in Washington. Monument by our society."

The idea was adopted with enthusiasm and a
committee immediately appointed to carry out
the project. The committee consisted of James
Barnett, chairman; Henry M. Cot, secretary;
H. C. Corbin, treasurer, and W. A. Robinson,
J. C. Smith. J. G. Parkhurst, Anson G.
McCook. John B. Ruhm and A. B. Underwood.
They went to work immediately and issued
appeals for funds; by 1884 they had collected
\$25,000_and Congress agreeing to furnish the

SONGS THAT THRILLED

Famous Words and Tunes Produced ,by the War.

RALLYING FOR THE UNION.

When First the Battle Cry of Freedom Was Shouted-Songs That Were Sung at the Great War Meetings Some That Will Live -Marching Through Georgia.



cases when they broke into a song of triumph during battle when the victory was coming their way, but those instances can be counted figuring glow of another world irradiating their faces, sang songs which inspired their comrades and sent them with renewed energy into the conflict; but they also are few.

When a great conflagration threatens human life and endangers vast property interests men do not go with songs on their lips to putet out. When floods devastate populous districts, rescuers do not set out on the boiling waters smoke of battle is ten million times more ter-"When the bugles sang truce

And the night cloud had lowered"

"Still upon the field of battle I am lying, mother dear, With my wounded comrades waiting For the morning to appear. Many sleep to waken never,

In this world of strife and death, And many more are faintly calling With their feeble dying breaths."

There were hundreds of people who spoiled reams of nice white paper with pieces they called "National Odes" and "Anthems," "Battle Hymns of the Republic" and ludierously pathetic drivel of various kinds. The trash in the song world, like drift in a flood, always comes to the surface at such times, and like driftwood most of it piled up on the shore and was buried in the sands of oblivion. But very few of these "pieces" ever got outside of the few of these "pieces" ever got outside of the music stores, and of those that did, the good They kives me hart pread, tougher a rock, was speedily sifted from the bad, and that worthy to live has become part and parcel of I schplits him sometimes mit an iron wedge the history of the great conflict. A SONG THAT THRILLED.

Much of the music now known as "War Songs" was not written until the war was althe first call for 75,000 men. It was sung by a male quartet and took the loyal throng by storm. It is said by those who were there that the singing of the lines:

"Marching Through Georgia" in his presence. That was his last encampment. When next acting under its new government and the the tune was played in his presence. That was his last encampment. When next the storm it is said by those who were there that the same with repairs and march upon unheeding ears.

"The muffled drum's sad roll had been the strength and manhood of the north was the first call for 75,000 men. It was sung by a made disaster in every direction. The south was a triple and disaster in every direction. The south was the triple and disaster in every direction. The south was a triple and disaster in every direction. The south was "We are springing to the call your brothers

disunion. Then was born a song worthy of gone before, the time and topic. It was not sectional and was sung in southern homes as well as north-Shouting the battle cry of freedom. And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million

freemen more, Shouting the battle cry of freedom

And although they may be poor, not a man

shall be a slave. Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

So we're springing to the call from the east an from the west,

every heart there present, and a great volume of rich melody went up from the throats of the multitude, as all joined in singing the grand rallying chorus. The song was from that mo-ment enshrined in the heart of every man, woman and child in the north. The marching columns carried it south and it became the on great song of the northern armies, "John Brown" only disputing its supremacy. Of this nondescript fatherless song Mr. R. H. Dana, jr., once wrote: "It would have been past belief had we been told that the almost undistinguishable name of John Brown should be whispered among four million of slaves and sung wherever the English language is

thord in aching hearts it became popular at once, and the airs being simple were easily learned. Very soon everybody in the north who was not too busy reading, writing or asking questions about the war, was singing about it or playing variations on the popular melodies, which even the bootblacks in the streets ware whichling.

TOO BUSY TO SING. The war songs sung in the north were legion Those that penetrated to the south were very few and not many of those were generally sung. The men close to the enemy's guns were too busy dodging bullets and returning guerrilla fire to attend "singing school." The high falsetto of rebel minie balls as they came screeching through the air was much more familiar to them than the "Star Spangled Banner" or "America," though they in time earned those, too.

learned those, too.

It was in the north that most of the songs were "made." The cities became vast recruiting stations, where congregated the gallant boys of all ages and from every section of the country. Mighty mass meetings were held nightly to discuss the great problem of the war and to arouse the spirit of patriotism in the hearts of the people. Glee clubs, brass bands and drum corps vied with each other in entertaining the loyal audiences, and the effect that these songs had upon the people were practical tests upon their popularity and longevity of life. Company after company, regiment after regiment was formed, and as the brave boys marched away the new-born songs greeted them on every side. Tuneful tongues and retentive minds carried these songs south. And how the "old" boys love to hear them today. "They hear the bugle pealing forth its braze

notes,

They listen to the rolling of the drums,

The sounding call to arms, the battle clash and

"Wrap the flag around me, boys," cried o

words were chrried home to his friends, and How are you, conscript? How are you today? You'll give us all a lock of your hair

"Oh, wrap the flag around me, boys,
To die were far more sweet
With freedom's starry emblem, boys,
To be my winding sheet.
In life I loved to see it wave
And follow where it led,
And nor my ever grow dim my band

And now my eyes grow dim, my hands Would clasp its last bright shred. Oh, I had thought to meet you, boys, was singing: On, I had thought to meet you, boys,
On many a well-won field
When to our starry emblem, boys,
The trait rous foe should yield.
But now, alas, I am denied a
My dearest earthly prayer,
You'll follow and you'll meet the foe,
But I shall not be there.

How are you, conscript? How are you today? Have you got three hundred in greenbacks To pony up and pay?"

Before you go away.

In 1863, thinking that the war was about over, and looking to the end, the whole north

How are you, conscript? How are you my boy? I spose you take it rather hard, Since you're your mother's joy.

"When Johnnie comes marching home agai Hurrah, hurrah! We'll give him a hearty welcome then, Hurrah, hurrah!

The men will cheer, the boys will shoul. The ladies they will all turn out. And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

"When This Cruel War is Over" was a much sung song both north and south, and was par-ticularly fruitful in parodies.

"Heavily falls the rain, Wild are the breezes tonight and the chorus.

"Brave boys are they, Gone at their country's call, And yet, and yet, we cannot forget, That many brave boys must fall" The outer trenches guarding.

When the heated guns of the camp allied Grew weary of bom barding.

It is not at all likely that the soldiers did anything of the kind. There were isolated cases when they broke into a sense of triumph.

Mountain. Sing to any one of these war-worn veterans one of the pathetic old songs and he will have a reminiscence ready for you.

"Just Before the Battle, Mother," was one of the best songs of the period and one of the best sung since the war.

One of the grand old favorites written in 1864 has been growing in favor with the years, and half a hundred grizzled old veterans will these were two great songs of that day.

That many brave boys must fall"

was one of the best songs of the period and one of the songs were the pathetic old songs and he will have a reminiscence ready for you.

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Was one of the best sung since the war.

One of the grand old favorites written in 1864 has been growing in favor with the years, and half a hundred grizzled old veterans will these were two great songs of that day.

"We've been tenting tonight On the old camp ground, Many are dead and gone, Of the brave and the true Who've left their homes Others been wound long."

"Bring the good old bugle, boys, We'll have another song; Sing it with the spirit That will start the world along: Sing it as we used to sing it, Fifty thousand strong, While we were marching through Georgia

How the darkies shouted When they heard the joyful sound, How the turkeys gobbled

Sherman's dashing Yankee boys
Will never reach the coast,
So the saucy rebels said. It was a handsome boast, Had they not forgotten, alast

Three hundred to the mains
Treason fled before us,
For resistance was in vain
While we were marching through Georgia."

I surely dinks dey put him in der prine
Von hundred years acce."

THE VACANT CHAIR.

Everybody who can remember anything about the war will recall the desolate Thanksgiving of 1861. Thirteen stars in the Union blue had been dimmed by treason and secession. The federal troops had met with repulse and disaster in every direction. The south was sion. The federal troops had met with repulse

The soldier's last tattoo

The following words from the lips of the sturdy war governor of Massachusetts in 1865 welcoming the surviving and returning volunteers of the state are inscribed in the rotunds of the state house of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, where are enshrined the battle

of the commonwealth through welcome hands, borne one by one out of this capitol during more than four years of civil war, as symbols of the nation to the commonwealth, under which the battalions of Massachusetts departed to the fields. They came back again borne hither by surviving representatives of the same heroic regiments and companies to which they were intrusted. Proud memories of many fields; sweet memories of valor and friendship; fields; sweet memories of valor and friendship; sad memories of fraternal strife; tender memo-ries of our fallen brothers and sons whose dying eyes looked last upon their flaming folds; exult-ant memories of a deliverance wrought out for human nature itself; unexampled by any former achievement of arms; immortal memories with immortal honors blended, twine around the splintered staves, weave themselves among the warp and woof of these familiar flags, war-worn, begrimmed and baptized with blood."

S. M. CARPENTER.

The rushes by the riverside thrill with the ree birds' song. And bend to kiss the ripples as the waters flow along; The rebins stray beneath the oaks, the partridge calls its brood,
And whisties down the valleys with a confid

northern sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust, your vision The days seem like a sunny dream, and night falls In stlence, broken only by the murmur from the

But though the camps have vanished and the tents are laid away, An army waits upon the knolls in undisturbed array-A legion without banners, that knows no music

Here comrades that together strove, with all of life at stake, Lie side by side, in slumber that no bugle-call can break; No shock can ever break their ranks, no blast their

You've called us and we're coming by Richmond's bloody tide,

To lay us down for freedom's sake, our Nor one deserter leave the corps their grim Chief

The love that waited patiently to welcome their

Alas! what dreams of life and love have ended in When at last the north had been drained of How many hopes are buried in these little grassy its best blood and still the gaping hell of war yawned for more gore to feed its thirst the never tell. And

"Tis sweet to think the war is o'er: that all the Was measured for our chastening and not endured

"They've Grafted Him Into the Army," lived years very long, however. Another which was sung A nation's happiness will bless our offer

Gen. John W. Turner is said to have been

south had less, and the poor fellows led a hard life until they demonstrated in some way the misapplication of the doggerel, which ran as

"How are you, conscript? How are you today? The provest marshal's got you in A very tight place they say. ieve history records a case in ernal dissensions of the countr

Confederate battleflag, captured at Rappa pressed nigh.

Then the bold, blue eye grew tender, and the old harsh face grew mild,

As he stooped between the jeering ranks and kissed the negro's childi

m rebel infantry in an engagement near ivern Hill July 28, 1864, by Private George

in Gifford, company A, one hundred twenty-first New York volunteers, and brigade, first division, sixth brigade, first division, sixth in battle of Little Sailor Creek, April 6, sorps, in battle of Little Sand.

1866. Losned to Col. Olcott by Secretary

Stanton. Gifford received the medal of honor. Stanton. Gifford received the medal of honor, Rebel battleflag, captured in battle at Farm's Cross Roads, April 5, 1865, by Sergt. James P. Landis, chief bugler first Pennsylvania cav oads, April 5, 1865, by Sergt. James

et battle of New Market Cross Roads, June 30, 1862, by Patrick Ryan, company D, fourth regiment Pennsylvania reserve volunteer corps, from the eleventh Alabama regiment. This dag was used by the rebels to deceive the Union

Confederate battleflag of the twenty-first No. 365. Battleflag of the fourteenth Georgia regiment, Heth's division, Longstreet's corps. No. 173. Confederate battleflag of the fourteenth Georgia Poliment, Heth's division, Longstreet's corps. No. 173. Confederate battleflag of the fourteenth Georgia Poliment, Heth's division, Longstreet's corps. No. 365. Battleflag of the fourteenth Georgia Poliment, Heth's division, Longstreet's corps. No. 365. Battleflag of the fourteenth Georgia infantry. Supposed to have been loaned and never returned.

Confederate battleflag of the twenty-eighth Virginia infantry. Supposed to have been loaned and never returned.

Confederate battleflag of the structured by the fourteenth Georgia infantry, captured by the fourth regiment New Jersey volunteers at Crampton Pass. Md. Supposed to have been loaned and never returned.

Confederate battleflag of the structure for the fourteenth Georgia Confederate flag, stars and bars, of the structure fourth regiment New Jersey volunteers at Crampton Pass. Md. Supposed to have been loaned and never returned.

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Confederate battleflag of th Confederate battleflag of the twenty-eighth
Virginia infantry. Supposed to have been
loaned and never returned.

Confederate flag, stars and bars, of the sixteenth Virginia infantry, captured by the
fourth regiment New Jersey volunteers at
Crampton Pass, Md. Supposed to have been
loaned and never returned.

Confederate flag, stars and bars of the

TRIBUTES OF COMRADES.

Whose Deeds Are Thus Celebrated.

No. 495.

No. 495.

No. 495.

No. 495.

No. 495.

Flag of the Apellachicela guards, vidently made of women's dress goods to have been loaned and never returned. Medal of honor.

Rebel flag, Austin's battery, captured at Columbus, Ga., April 16, 1865, by colored sifk; rent in center as if by a piece of chell. On it an eagle carrying in its beak a greatly, on which is the inscription, "In God is crust"

No. 73. Confederate battleflag of the eighth lord a regiment, captured by Sergt. Thomas florida regiment, captured by Sergt. Thomas florida regiment, captured by Sergt. Thomas third excelsior brigade.

No. 495.

No. 73. Confederate battleflag of the eighth lowa cavalry, first brigade, fourth division, cavalry corps, military division of the Mississippi, inside the line of works during the charge. The bearer and the corporal had a hand-to-hand fight for the flag. Also rebel flag captured by Private John M. Hays company F, same regiment, same battle. Private Hays captured the standard and bearer, who tore it from the staff and tried to escape, firing his revolver and wounding one man belonging to the fourth lowa. Both the above were sent to the staff and tried to escape, firing his revolver and wounding one man belonging to the fourth lowa. Both the above were sent to the staff and tried to escape, firing his revolver and wounding one man belonging to the fourth lowa. Both the above were sent to the staff and tried to escape, firing his revolver and wounding one man belonging to the fourth lowa. Both the above were sent to the staff and tried to escape, firing his revolver and wounding one man belonging to the country, from all quarters of the country, from all

glory." be added to the other silent witnesses of the nation's respect to the memory of its great

generals and admirals of the civil war, two of monument erected to the soldiers, sailors and the numerous circles in the city formed by the intersection of several streets and avenues. the dead heroes and of army corps.



In the square at the corner of Connection avenue and I streets stands the statue of Admiral Farragut, the naval hero. The statue is of bronze made from the propeller of the

It is an excellent likeness and was designed C. R. P. Rogers and Capt. Babcock. There

of the fight at the battle of Mobile bay.

in height. to his tastes, and none should yield to the natural impotence sure to result from our past Your general now bids you all farewell, with the full belief that as in war you have been good soldiers, so in peace you will make good citi-zens, and if unfortunately a new war shouldarise in our country Sherman's army will be the first to buckle on the old armor and come forth to defend and maintain the government of our inheritance and choice. By order of W. T. SHERMAN,

Pherson. Its history is as follows: When the Army of the Tennessee was about issued the following order:

having only sufficient funds to complete the statue proper, were unable to provide a suitable pedestal, but through the assistance of Gen. W. W. Belknap, aided by Gen. Babcock and Maj. Elliott, Congress was induced to make an appropriation of \$25,000 for the pedestal, pro-vided the committee placed the statue on it. Congress also changed the name of Scott quare to McPherson Square.
The statue was unveiled October 18, 1876, the

The bronze statue of James A. Garfield, one of the most elaborate memorials in the city, is at the foot of the Capitol on the west side at the Maryland avenue entrance. It is a bronze

The idea of erecting a memorial to Garfield originated on the day that he died. The Army originated on the day that he died. The Army of the Cumberland was holding a reunion at Chattanooga when the news of Garfield's death reached them; shortly thereafter came a telegram to the society from the late Gen. R. D. Mussey of this city, bearing the suggestion. The telegram was dated Washington, September 21, 1881, and was as follows:

"Washington members propose memorial stone to Gen. Garfield in Washington. Monument by our society."

figure, ten feet in height, a striking work of art representing a cost of \$55,000, of which sum \$25,000 was raised by the Army of the Cumberland and \$30,000 donated by Congress.

in bronze. A figure eight feet high represents

THE SCOTT STATUE Winfield Scott, the hero of two wars, memorialized in an equestrian statue which stands in the circle formed by the intersection of 16th and N streets and Massachusetts and Rhode Island avenues. The monument is a most ended. The most popular writers of magnificent work of art, costing \$45,000, which | music at that period were Dr. George F. Root, was appropriated by Congress. It was un- Chas. Carroll Sawyer and Henry C. Work, and veiled in 1874. The figure representing the the most famous of the few great war songs old general on his famous war horse stands upon a stone pedestal the blocks of which are the largest ever quarried in this country.

was Dr. Root's "Battle Cry of Freedom." It was written in 1861 and sung first at a big "rally" held in Union Square, New York, just after



At the foot of the Capitol, on Pennsylvania

The Attack. THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. In Hampton Roads the airs of March were bland Peace on the deck, and in the fortress sleeping.
Till, in the lookout of the Cumberland,
The sailor, with his well-poised glass in hand,
Descried the iron island downward creeping. A sudden wonder seized on land and bay, And Tumult, with her train, was there to fol For still the stranger kept its seaward way, Looking a great leviathan blowing spray, Seeking with steady course his ocean wallow.

Then ship and fortress gazed with anxious stare. Until the Cumberland's cannon, slience breaking hundered its guardian challenge, "Who come But, like a rock-flung echo in the air,

Unchecked, still onward through the storm it brok With beak directed at the vessel's center; with beak directed at the vessel's center;
Then through the constant cloud of sulphur smoke
Drove, till it struck the warrior's wall of oak,
Making a gateway for the waves to enter. Struck, and to note the mischief done, withdrew, And then, with all a murderer's impatience, Rushed on again, crushing her ribs anew, Cleaving the noble hull well nigh in two, And on it sped its flery imprecations.

Swift through the vessel swept the drowning swell With splash, and rush, and guilty rise appailing; While sinking cannon rung their own loud knell. Then cried the traitor, from his sulphurous cell, "Do you surrender?" Oh, those words were gal

And you will open the heart and unlock

on the fingers of one hand. There are in- the notable comic songs, written by Henry C. stances, too, where wounded men, in the su- Work in 1862 and sung on every concert stage preme moment of dissolution, with the trans- in the north, was "Babylon Has Fallen," and "Don't you see de black cloud risin' over you-

Whar de massa's ole plantation am? Don't you see de lightnin' flashin' in de ca brake,

Like as if we's gwine to hab a storm? tunder, Dat is our ole forty-pounder gun;

the men sank to rest almost where they stood. Exhausted nature could endure no more. If perchance they had themselves escaped the flery missiles all about them was destruction Look out dar now, we's gwine to shoot! and death. Dr. Root, in "Just After the Bat-Look out dar, don't you understan'? Babylon has fallen, Babylon has fallen, An' we's gwine ter occurpy de lan'." tle," gives a graphic description of the scene.

Mine schweetheart, von coot patriot kirl, She trives me off mit ter war. I fights for her der pattles mit der flag, I schtrikes so prave as I can.
Put now long time she nix remembers me,
Andt coes mit another man. Pe more ash Moses' flood, I lays all night mine headt upon a schtump

rushing to dam the tide of disloyalty and

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal true and brave. Shouting the battle cry of freedom,

Shouting the battle cry of freedom, And we'll huri the rebel crew from the land we

love the best, Shouting the battle cry of freedom," caused a frenzied demonstration of patriotism that was allied to insanity and utterly inde-scribable. The flowing rhythm of the melody was catching, and before the third verse was sung the words of the chorus were written in

spoken and incorporated into an anthem to whose solemn cadences men would march to whose solemn cadences me battle by tens of thousands." It is to be regretted that so few of the bette class of verse writers devoted their talent to class of verse writers devoted their their the production of the songs of the war period. But poor as the poetry usually was, if it had but a line or two which touched a responsive

were whistling.

COMIC SONGS.

kins.

it most heartily.

All de same to make de cowards run.

the south to taunt the "Johnnies," who

"Mine heart ish broken into little pits,

I march all tay, no matter if ter schtorm

I tells you, friendt, vat for,

It almost preaks mine shaw,

tion in New York on that day:

"We shall meet, but we shall miss him,

While we breathe our evening pray'r.

In the strength of manhood's might

Sweeping o'er our heartstrings now.

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE.

300,000 more men! Hearts that beat high with

hope that the war was about to end almost

broke under that stunning blow. Again the

song writer was equal to the occasion, and if

the feet that measured its music into marching

We are coming, Father Abraham, three

We leave our plows and workshops, our and children dear,

dred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream and from
New England's shore,

With hearts too full for utterance, with but

may descry, And now the wind an instant tears the cloudy

And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and

If you look all up our valleys where the grow

ing harvests shine, You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast form-

ing at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow against

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hu dred thousand more."

THE DRAFT.

"draft" or conscripting and pressing into ser-

vice was resorted to. Many and ludicrous were

the incidents of this method of raising troops,

and the crop of comic songs with "drafting"

almost exclusively in the north and with most

script?" The loyal north had not much faith

in "conscripted" soldiers and the boys down

"Oh, you should not mind it, Nor breathe another sigh,

insulting emphasis was "How Are You, Con-

their country's needs

gone before.

ing into line, children at their mother's knees are pull-

and loyally they sung.

There will be one vacant chair; We shall linger to caress him,

At our fireside, sad and lonely.

Often will the bosom swell

At remembrance of the story How our noble Willie fell,

How he strove to bear our banner

In the thickest of the fight

And uphold our country's honor

True, they tell us wreaths of glory

Ever more will deck his brow, But this only soothes the anguish

Sleep today, O early fallen, In thy green and narrow bed,

Dirges from the pine and cyprosi Mingle with the tears we shed."

Andt cuts him cop mit a saw.

They kives me peaf so ferry, ferry salt,

Like Sodom's wife, you know, I surely dinks dey put him in der prine

It took like wildfire and was much sung in

NE OF THE LINGERing superstitions of the
war is contained in a
beautiful little poem by
Bayard Taylor:

"Give us a song," the
soldier cried,
The outer trenches

And you will open the heart and unlock the
lips of the grimmest old veteran living. He
will tell you of the terrible battle of the Wilderness and how his corps, the ninth, was
driven back with heavy loss, but, reforming
again, confronted the enemy and how in that
second charge his messmate went down with a
bullet through his lungs and only life enough
to gasp, "Wrap me in the flag, boys, and don't
let the rebs get me." Or mayhap it will be a
hero of Cold Harbor or a survivor of South
Mountain. Sing to any one of these war-worn
veterans one of the pathetic old songs and he

All the songs made for the period covering the war were not sad by any means. One of

"Many are the hearts that are weary tonight, marked the first general participation of the Walting for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the night To see the dawn of peace. MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

The song of all songs, however, to the vet-Nebber you be frightened, dem is only darkeys Come to jine and fight for Uncle Sam, eran soldier is "Marching Through Georgia." the production of Henry C. Work, in 1865. Age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of ways in which this song is served up, from the newsboy on the street to the tenore No! you is mistaken, 'tis de darkeys' bayonets Au' de buttons on dar uniform. robusto who sings campaign songs, and from Gilmere's band to Dage organ the gamut of Way up in de corn field, whar you hear human and artificial instrumentalities is run with varying success. Since Sherman was When de shells is missin', den we load wid pun-'mustered out" the "boys" have taken a melancholy delight in singing:

One of the topical songs of the north, issued in '63 by heary Work, was "Corporal Schnapps." It was so full of homely pathos and contained such a graphic picture of the life "down south" that everybody sang it. Which our commissary found,
How the sweet potatoes
Even started from the ground
While we were marching through Georgia.

> To reckon with their host, While we were marching through Georgia. So we cleared a thoroughfare Sixty miles in latitude

The old general hated the song with a holy horror. And in Boston, where the 250 bands and over a hundred drum and fife corps passed him in the reviewing stand where he stood for

Massachusetts Battle Flare.

ern. Dr. Root composed and dedicated it to the homes made desolate by the war, and it was sung at a great Thanksgiving demonstraflags: "These banners returned to the go

Then on July 1, 1862, came the call for

Arlington.

the measure was mixed and the poetic feet The tents that whitened Arlington have vanished sprouted corns and bunions in an effort "to get there" there was nothing the matter with the feet that measured its music into marching.

The campiles gleam no more at night, and please. time. Right bravely the boys tramped away, Without the blare of bugles or the beating of the

All through the widening rifle pits the grass is growing green, autumn while-flowers blossom where the If you look across the hill tops that meet the And

The wailing of the dead-march and a volley o'er the grave.

Or from foul treason's savage grasp to wrench the murderous blade.

And in the face of foreign foes it's fragments to parade.

Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have

lever tell, broken, striving to believe "He doeth all

for their theme was unusually large. Only one, in valu; and darker still it is to know that in the coming value.